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CHILD'S FRIEND.

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FRANK AND HARRY;

TRUTH AND FICTION.

"You promised us if we were good boys," said Frank and Harry, both speaking together to their mother, "that you would tell us a story this evening before we went to bed; now have we not been good all day?"

"Yes, you have," she replied, "and have not disturbed me or my friend, and I must perform my promise; but I fear I have undertaken more than I can well do; my mind is pretty vacant; it has been fixed all day upon other things. However, I will do my best. What sort of a story do you want?"

"I," said Frank, "should like a story about a dog."

"And I," said Harry, "should like a fable."

"I have an anecdote of a dog for you, Frank, which a friend told me a day or two since, and which I saved up to tell you, knowing your passion for dogs."

A dog who is now living in a neighboring town, has formed a strong attachment to an engine company to which his master belongs, and understands perfectly well when the bell rings for fire, and is always one of the first at the engine-house door. He follows the engine and stays by it, and never leaves the ground till its duty is done and it is carried back. The other day, this company and another had a trial of the power of their respective engines. The two rival parties went to a place appointed for the purpose out of the village, and many people joined them to see who should gain the victory. The dog took his place as a matter of course, and followed faithfully the engine to which he was attached. The two engines played their very best ; when the one to which the dog did not belong played highest, and they all on that side shouted and applauded, the dog was perfectly silent and looked disconcerted ; when his own side did best and they applauded, then he barked and in every way that his doggish nature admitted, testified his delight. He did not allow anything to take off his attention, but evidently considered his honor and interest in question in this trial of skill quite as much as did the enginemen themselves."

Frank clapped his hands and said, "That is what I call a first rate dog."

"Now I have a funny story for you," said his mother, "of a dog and a hen, which is also true, as was this one I have just related. The lady who told me the story saw them both, and declares it to be true."

A small dog had a litter of puppies in a barn close by a hen who was sitting on her eggs waiting as hens do patiently for the time when the chickens in them should

be ready to appear in this pleasant world. As soon, however, as the puppies were born, she left her nest and insisted upon brooding them. The dog considered her very impertinent, and barked and tried to drive her away, but she would not go. They had been such good friends that she would not hurt her, but she barked at her and showed her desire to get rid of her, but she would not move one inch, and at last the dog let her alone, and so from that time the hen brooded the puppies and their mother nursed them when they were hungry, and amused herself the rest of the time ; but the poor little chickens never showed their heads through their oval prison house, for they missed the warmth of the wings and feathers of their very unnatural mother. This was a real funny hen, was she not ? She seemed to think that the puppies were hers, and forget her own eggs ; most like she had not as much brains as common hens ; and as for the dog, she must have been a lazy creature, or she would not have given up her little ones to this stupid nursery woman."

"Now, mother, for my fable," said Harry.

"What shall I do ?" said she ; "I have not had time to think of one."

"Oh, make it up as you go along, dear mother ; that will do just as well."

"Well," said she, "I will begin in the real old fashioned way."

Once upon a time there were two spoons lying on the table in a kitchen close by each other. One was a handsome, well formed silver spoon, with three letters and over them a horse's head, handsomely engraved on the end of the handle. The other spoon was made of

iron, very broad and very ugly ; it looked as if it would cut any mouth that attempted to eat out of it ; it had no letters, no ornament upon it, nothing but a hook to hang it up by ; it was dull and entirely uninteresting in its appearance ; it was made of iron, and fit only for use.

Presently the silver spoon in very soft musical tones spoke to the iron spoon in these words: " I really wonder what induced the footman to put me here on this table by the side of such an ugly creature as you are. You are so dark, so dull, so square and clumsy, it makes me sick to look at you. I am not accustomed to such society. I suppose you are of some use in the world, for I heard the bishop say the other day, just as he put his reverend lips to me to take a little soup that I presented him, that every thing had its uses, but all I should think you were fit for, was to help wretched poor children make dirt pies. I wonder how long I shall have to stay here and be disgraced in this manner."

The modest iron spoon at last began to speak, for the meanest thing when it is insulted will turn upon its assailant. " Notwithstanding your absurd airs, Madam Silver, I am of more use in this house than you are, and if you had a just view of the value of things, you would know it. The soup that your haughty ladyship offers to the bishop, I first help to prepare, and while you are lying idle and useless in a drawer, I am stirring busily about in all sorts of good things. Your daintiness to be sure would be hurt with work of this sort ; you would not shine so brightly if you were to enter into the common affairs of life and be of any real use. You minister only to the pride and vanity of the family ; I, to its real, substantial support and comfort. You think far

too much of yourself, with your short handle and flourishing letters and horse's head upon the end of it. I have not examined them closely, but the ears on that head ought to be pretty long I should think."

You should have seen the silver spoon at this moment, how it glowed with indignation and wrath.

"I should think," she said, "that you had not a little brass in your composition, to be able to speak so rudely to a silver spoon: think what I am made of; think that I am made of money, yes, of real money such as bought you and put you here in this kitchen where you have it in your power to treat me so rudely and be so impertinent to your betters. What would the world do without me and my proud, handsome sister, Gold? And remember that we can buy up you, and every iron spoon in the world if we pleased, and bury you in the earth. The truth is, you were made, you iron spoons, to wait upon us silver ones; of course you stir up the soup first, and make it nice and good for us to present to the bishop and other respectable folks. What other thing are you fit for? For this you were made."

By this time the iron spoon had recovered its self-possession, and was very calm and felt ashamed of being so angry, and resolved to speak in a better temper.

"Let us, my well-born sister," said she, "reason about this difference between us, that we may see things as they really are, and come to a better understanding of the truth."

"Sister forsooth!" said the silver spoon, "don't sister me if you please; I wish none of your sistering, Mr. ironsides."

The iron spoon quietly continued without any perception.

tible change of voice, "You are angry that I call you sister; did we not both have the same mother? The earth is surely our common parent. We were both once hidden in her dark recesses, and man who is our master took us from our peaceful home to serve his purposes; you are useful to him in one way, I in another; unless you can prove that you are the most important, the most useful, your airs are very absurd. I think I can prove that the world would find it harder to do without me than without you. But as I think I can afford, as my case is the best, to give you every fair chance to plead your own cause, I propose that you should speak first, and say all that you can in your own favor, and I will then answer you. If you consent, we will appoint this very respectable china teapot as judge; she has seen a great deal of good society, and listened to many learned discussions, and will not turn up her nose at me, though I am an iron spoon; and yet you must confess that her prejudices are probably in favor of silver spoons, for she has been most in their society."

The silver spoon agreed to this, "For," said she, "the teapot is a respectable person, and knows what's what, and I believe is not cracked."

"Begin," said the iron spoon, "and say all you can for yourself; it is not much."

"I repeat what I have said before," said the silver spoon. "Money is made of the same material that I am, and what would the world do without silver money? And who but vulgar people would be satisfied to live without silver spoons and forks? Nothing can taste so sweet and good without my aid; just in proportion as people are refined, do they use and depend upon me."

Go into a silversmith's, and if your dull senses can bear the dazzling show of urns and vases and pitchers and all sorts of beautiful things, ask yourself there, if the world would be as well worth living in, without silver. I am so durable that I am handed down from one generation to another; I am the sign and evidence of native gentility and high breeding, and I bear upon me the marks of nobility. The horse's head, which you have the audacity to sneer at, is proof that I or my ancestors adorned a knightly board. For silver, men toil and suffer, and are never satisfied that they have enough of it. There is nothing that silver cannot buy. The smallest piece of me would be considered more than an equivalent for you, poor clumsy iron scoop that you are — But I am losing my patience again, and will be silent. I know that the teapot, which is no parvenu, but a real old china teapot and is a judge, will sympathize with me and do me justice, and to her I commit my cause. I have done."

Then calmly spoke the iron spoon. "There is much in what you say, but there are two sides to every question, as I doubt not, this respectable teapot knows. You have shown great ignorance in setting aside my claims to the respect of the world, for if you knew more you would acknowledge that iron is of more real value to mankind than silver. You yourself could not have been formed and engraved so beautifully, without its aid; and if I were to attempt to relate all the uses of iron, I could never know where to stop. There are many who think it can be made even as handsome as you are, my lady Silver, with your eternal brightness; and I do not require such perpetual rubbing as you do. What can compare

with the brilliancy and beauty of steel? I think even the bishop would acknowledge himself as much obliged to the sharp knife that cuts up his meat, as to the elegant spoon out of which he sips his soup. Nothing hardly is made by the hands of man without the aid of iron; all his tools are made of it, or by it. The world could not go on without iron for a day, or if it did, it would begin to relapse into barbarism. Every factory would stop; the world would stand still; there would be a universal bankruptcy. Go to a man on a desert island and offer him a ton of silver or a single simple tool of iron, and which would he take? The best use that can be made of silver is to get iron with it. Man could do without silver; he could not do without iron. There was one nation that even made their money of the same material of which your much abused humble servant is made, though, to prove to you how free I am from prejudice, I freely confess that I think it was a foolish plan, for such small kind of business as a circulating medium has to perform, is too small for me. I think silver is more fit for it than anything so dignified as iron. But it had the effect of preventing the Lacedemonians from loving to keep money for itself, for I confess iron is not so easy and pleasant to handle as silver is. This was a good thing. The truth is, I have only too much to say for my cause since it is the cause of all mankind, for all are benefited by iron, all are dependent on iron, while only a few can be much the better for silver. I leave the question however, to the teapot, which I doubt not, if it is a good one, has been called as strong as iron and will see the justice and truth of my words."

And now the teapot made a singing sound, showing

that it was beginning to deliver its opinion, and though it spoke through its nose, it uttered itself clearly and with a quiet stream of good sense that showed it had improved its advantages.

"I think," she said, "that the silver spoon has been arrogant and unkind as well as narrow minded and unjust, and showed ignorance in what it has said to the iron spoon. Silver does minister to man's pleasures and luxuries, and it makes his life more beautiful, and also increases his comforts; it does him good service as a representative of the value of things, but I think men could do far better without her than without her brother iron. (Here the silver spoon hitched and looked angry.) Iron," continued the teapot, "is the most truly honorable metal, for it is the most truly useful. You, my friend iron spoon, have told the truth; we could have neither such good houses nor anything else so good and strong and beautiful in this world without iron; the poor silver spoon was formed by its aid; iron represents all men and all labor, silver a few men and a great deal of idleness; and yet silver has a wonderful power, for men love it better than iron; iron is rough and hard and unlovely."

Just here, as the iron spoon began to say a word, the cook caught it up and put it into a pot of boiling broth and began stirring it round and round with such vehemence that the spoon forgot what it was going to say. Soon after, the footman took the silver spoon and teapot and put them away — the teapot on a shelf, and the spoon into a drawer.

And now, boys, to bed — so, good night.

E. L. F.

THE COUNTESS OF BUKEBURG.

WE trust that the beautiful character of Maria Eleonora, Countess of Bukeburg, delineated in the numbers of the *Child's Friend* for February, March and April 1845, has not faded from the memory of our readers. They will do well, however, to recur to those numbers and refresh their recollections, before reading the following pages. They will there find that after the death of the Countess, which took place on her birth-day, June 16th, 1776, a monument was erected for her by the Count, her husband, in the quiet rural retirement of Baum, which had been a favorite summer residence with both of them; and her remains were preserved in spirits until it was ready for their reception. She was placed in it on the 7th of the following September, and Herder offered prayers on the occasion.

Recently, in reading a volume of Herder's homilies, the translator met with the original of the very prayer then offered; and though modern criticism finds much to object to, in what it styles 'preached prayers,' yet the one in question contains so beautiful an abstract of the character of the departed saint, over whose remains it was offered, that we should pity the reader who, instead of being transported in imagination to that rural cemetery, where, amid the waving trees and solemn stillness, in presence of the heart-broken husband and mourning friends, the most accomplished scholar and divine of the eighteenth century poured forth his full soul in a last glowing tribute of love and admiration, over the re-

mains of her who was styled 'The Land's Mother,' by the wide circle of her weeping dependents, there listening to him in breathless emotion — should be disturbed by the cold cavil, whether it were in good taste, to inform the All-knowing One of her virtues?

After mentioning that the Countess of Bukeburg was held in the highest estimation by the distinguished Jewish philosopher and scholar, Moses Mendelsohn, Herder's widow thus prefaces the prayer :

"Those who knew the departed Countess Maria, (for so they liked best to call her,) will be reminded by the following prayer of the sublime virtues of that immortal being. Her calm, ripe understanding, her gentleness, innocence, modesty and timidity; her wise deportment under all the circumstances of life; her entire forgetfulness of self when she could be useful to others, won for her the love and admiration of all who were acquainted with her. She seemed wholly to dedicate herself to every holy relation of life — the beloved wife, living solely for the husband she entirely revered; the tenderest of mothers to a most promising daughter, whom she enjoyed for a few years only; the faithful only sister; the darling of the circle of her kindred, and one in heart with the twin brother who entered eternity before her; the most sincere of friends to like-minded souls in the path of virtue and religion, to whom she was a pattern and leader; the sympathizing friend of all noble characters; the mother, consoler and guide of the orphan and the helpless.

Simple in her attire, from frugality and for the sake of example she preferred, as far as was practicable, home-made fabrics to the dress belonging to her rank. She

denied herself fashionable expenses, and satisfied the higher wants of her soul while secretly drying the tears of the unfortunate in her neighborhood, and promoting the advancement of poor orphan children. Under suffering of various kinds, she was characterized by a calm magnanimity and patience; and she seemed to find her only pleasure in sympathy with the enjoyments of others.

A simple unartificial education in the country, and the principles of pure Christianity (wherein Herder himself contributed much to ground her) had formed this spirit. She had exercised and adorned her mind in retirement by reading select books and the practise of writing composition, including poetry, as also by the conversation of her high-minded husband.

Her judgment was always correct, full of indulgence, inclined to the most favorable side, and yet just and penetrating; her conversation abounded in gracefulness, tenderness and cheerfulness. A more than earthly brightness beamed from her eyes and her beautifully formed face; her slender form was the expressive envelopment of her lovely spirit. Around her hovered that celestial charm peculiar to chosen souls; her own spirit lived in heaven while loving and doing good in this world. She regarded herself as a pilgrim, who, while performing here the will of God with the utmost activity, was hastening to him. And this noble being was the friend of Herder, and he was her friend!"

THE PRAYER.

"Lord of life and death! Gracious Father of man, here, before the remains of our dear departed land-mother, as before an altar of thy goodness, we worship

Thee. We thank thee that thou gavest her to us as a pledge of thy love, and that thou didst permit her to continue so long for the happiness of her husband, for the noblest delight of her friends, and for the welfare and blessing of this land. Yea, Father, the best blessing which thou canst impart to a country, is the example and activity of the good and great. Their presence is more than plenty of corn and wine. They are Thyself, gracious Father; for in the human form thou manifestest thyself to men in the most intimate, the most silent, the most spiritual manner. Their presence is a blessing; their deeds and beneficence convey balm and blessings down to remote posterity, continuing their influence long after they have departed hence.

O God! with what fulness of gratitude, at the feet of these hallowed remains, should we thank thee for the noble soul which animated them. The husband thanks thee — he who so deeply knew and felt her worth; by whose side and under whose wise instructions, she bloomed as a flower of virtue for heaven. With what an unerring glance did she discriminate between right and wrong, truth and falsehood; so as everywhere, under every shape and form, to select only the good; like an angel of heaven, delighting in purity and innocence; a pattern of that genuine gospel-love which beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth and endureth all things; which is long-suffering and kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, beareth no malice, delighteth not in unrighteousness but rejoiceth in the truth. With tenderest emotion, O God, do all her kindred thank thee, to whom she was a consoler, deliverer, counsellor, delight and joy;

sympathizing in every concern wherein she could take part ; an angel of innocence and love, who guided all to heaven. How do her memory and image everywhere live ; and long, forever, will they live, only for good ! With tears, O God, the poor thank thee, of whom she was the mild consoler — the mother of every neglected child ; the helper of all whom it was in her power to assist, denying herself in order to aid them ; a pattern of that love, O thou Judge of the world, which at the last day thou wilt alone require and recognize as thine own ; which has fed the hungry, relieved the thirsty, clothed the naked and visited the sick, yet without knowing what it did ; of that unselfish brotherly affection, gracious Redeemer, which doeth all for thee : which doeth all in silence, before thine eyes alone, O Father. With all the virtues which shone forth from her she was nothing in her own estimation. The humblest of her sex, not in word, but in deed and in feeling, she was only conscious that she ought to be most humble, as thine instrument, O God, as a reflection of thy goodness, love and benignity. How did she shun all praise ! Averse to the dangers of celebrity, she accepted not the honor and testimony of men, but reposed on thy will, O Father. In the bosom of her duties and destination, under the will and affection of her husband, whom she loved and honored as an image of God, with entire self-sacrificing devotion ; large and noble-minded, she felt what she was and what she ought to be — great and influential, yet humble too, and sublime in her joy. For years she had been in heaven, while living here on earth in purity and condescending sympathy ; enjoying every sunbeam which awakened, warmed or gladdened her, as a ray of thy

kindness, O Father, as the immediate shining of thy countenance; rejoicing in suffering, because it was thy will; happy under pain and sickness, because even in them she felt nothing but unmerited kindness, blessing and refreshment. Yea, Father, even here, amid these groves and in this valley of repose, where she loved to be, and whither she hastened for the last time so pleased and eager, as to the place of her recovery and restoration; here, O God, thou didst revive and satisfy her; soothing her, when nothing else could soothe, with the cup of consolation and resignation; strengthening her as it were, upon thine own breast, when all other strength was gone; and in a sigh and look heavenward directed, in a breath of thanksgiving, prayer and joy, taking her up, O Father, to thyself!

Thanks be to thee, for all thy manifestations to her while living, suffering, dying; for every dispensation, guidance and discipline whereby her spirit was so beautifully moulded and assimilated to an angel's! She now is thanking thee on high, better than we can here below! She! now exalted above clouds and doubts, beholding light, where we see only darkness; discerning in the checquered fragment of her life a glorious whole, the product of thy goodness; and with gratitude and joy rendering homage to Jesus, in whom she believed on earth with childlike simplicity and renunciation of heart. Yea, O God, she believed! And we thankfully acknowledge and render thee the praise for her having been so remote from weakness, hypocrisy, uncertainty and superstition; for her clear and undisturbed discernment of all that was unreal or unworthy of religion, or conducive to offence rather than improvement; that thy word, O God,

and thy unfeigned confession, O Redeemer, were her meat and drink, her joy and delight ; that she was a pattern of sublime piety and self-renouncing humility to all her fellow-Christians ; and that the hope and gift of immortality which she carried in her soul, were her refreshment in affliction, and her last staff in the dark valley of death.

Full of God and heaven, she was happy in that anniversary* season wherein she had received so many of God's mercies ; wherein she and her only child were born ; wherein her mother and only child had gone before her ; and wherein thou didst last of all, receive her up to thyself, O Father, to the mother and sister, the brother and child who awaited her above. Thine was the work, O God ! Thou madest her last passage, like her life-path, smooth and quiet, gentle and refreshing, firm and glorious. Upon the day and hour of her mortal birth, she was born anew, to the angel-life on high. Lord ! what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou manifestest thyself to him in such inexhaustible kindness ? a little space here, he is in the valley of humiliation and lowliness with Jesus, and then above, where He is, in the glory of God !

Hereby comfort the bleeding heart of her husband, our land-father, that guided by the mild reflexion of thy goodness, to the inexhaustible Source, he may find repose in thy will, O Father, and in the happiness of the angel who has gone before him ; that his spirit may feel itself united with her's, encompassed with it as with a breath of heaven, imparting to him the sweet celestial

* The month of June, in which she had experienced the most trying events of her life.

gift of hope — the hope that in thy hand, thou Source of universal life, nothing can be lost ; that in Thee, the ocean of goodness, all the dead still live ; and that those whom thou hast created in thine own likeness, for immortal knowledge and love, will all find one another again in thee.

And wilt thou, Father, grant those kind wishes and blessings, which his departed angel in sickness and health, in life and death, invoked upon him as the reward of his true and noble love ; that he may continue to be a pattern of that greatness, goodness and virtue which she so often commended and considered as her daily model. Though no longer with him, may she see, and feel, and enjoy the fulfilment of the blessings she craved for him with every grateful breath she sent to heaven. Let the poor be regarded by him as an everlasting legacy bequeathed to him by their protector and mother. May every successive anniversary of her birth and death-day — the second birth-day of those who sleep — become a festival, wherein the honest, pious poor and the angels of God shall rejoice together. Grant, Father, that after having long governed this land in the spirit of the angel who has stood at his side, or rather in thy spirit, thou All-Beneficent — when the number of his years and of thy blessings shall be fulfilled, he may die the death of this righteous one, and that his end may be like hers.

Rest, then, in peace, sacred relique, here in this quiet grove, in the spot which thou hadst chosen for thy repose beneath God's lovely sky. Rest, and await a joyful resurrection on that bright and glorious day, when thy Christ shall appear and perfect that glorified likeness of which thou didst here wear the morning radiance and early day

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dawn. Rest softly by the side of thine angel-child ; and let no one approach thy sepulchre, the monument of love and grief, without the dread sense of immortality and the feeling, that the sleeper who reposes here was filled with the spirit of God.

All of us, O God, who have been conversant with this innocent, noble being, will be deeply accountable to thee, should we prove unworthy and neglectful of the blessing we have enjoyed. So consecrate us therefore, O God, that we may nobly and joyfully bewail her ; that we may remember her in the highest, worthiest manner, by living in her spirit and according to her feelings, as though she still stood before us with her heavenly countenance, and viewed our deeds. Let her life be our life, her end our end. Amen." L. O.

THE WISHING-CAP.

It was the month of November, the first snow had fallen, and the little folks were all gay at the sight, that is to say all the young people who had comfortable homes and kind friends to take care of, and love them.

It is a very sad thing, but true, that there are many little children who have no comfortable homes and do not know the joy there may be in a family circle where all have enough to eat and to drink and to put on ; where tears are wiped away by loving hands ; where laughing, and frolicking, and reading, and studying, make the days pass happily by, and where a comfortable bed is always ready to receive the tired body at night.

The little family that I am going to speak of now, had been taught by their parents to remember in the midst of their pleasures that there were other children who had not the pleasures they were enjoying, because they were too poor, and that it was one of their duties to do all that they could to help such children.

On the evening of this white day when the first snow had fallen, two little sisters had been employed by their mother in assisting her to make some warm petticoats for the poor, in case there should any be wanted in the neighborhood; and the two brothers had been in like manner helping their father saw and pile wood where it was stowed away in the charity, or rather, I should say, justice corner of the wood-house. These occupations had filled up all odd minutes and made the day pass happily; there was no desire to quarrel, or do any disagreeable thing when the time from schooling was so employed, and they all gathered round the fire in the evening just at dusk to chat together, and beg father and mother to join them in their amusements. Miss Pussy, too, was also invited; she sat by the youngest boy, (whose name was Harry,) purring with great complacency and looking at the fire so steadily that one would have thought she was trying to find out what sort of a thing it was that made her feel so comfortably. Harry also looked into the fire as if he expected to find something there, strange or wonderful. He presently turned his head from the fire to his mother's face, and said, "I wish I had a wishing-cap, mother." "What do you want of a wishing-cap, Harry?" "O, I do n't know exactly, but I guess if I had one I should find enough things to wish for. There is one thing I would wish for, that there should

be no poor people." "I know what I would wish for," said his brother William, "I would wish that there should be no slaves in the world." "And I would wish," said Fanny, "that there should be no people so wicked as to want to have slaves." "And I," said Mary, "wish that I had money enough to buy the freedom of all the slaves, and enough left to help all the poor people there are." "Those are good wishes, children, and though you can never have the famous cap of Fortunatus to cover your heads, I do n't know that you have not something as good, something out of which a cap may at least be begun to be made." "I do n't see how we any of us could ever make such a cap as was given to Fortunatus, mother," said Harry, "I would go to work pretty soon, if I thought I could make such a cap." "We have never learnt how long this said cap was in the making, but I believe it was a great while before it could be made to do the wonders it did; there is no history of its beginning, nor of who it was that first thought of it, but I should not be surprised if I were to discover that you and William had already begun upon one, and that your two sisters had been helping you; it may be that you will spoil it, or leave it half done when it becomes an old story, and so never have any of the good wishes you have expressed, accomplished." "I do n't understand what you mean, mother," said Harry, "I am sure I have not been making a cap, nor anything like a cap." "Well, Harry, I will explain to you what I mean. This famous cap that you have been wishing for, I do not suppose was a real cap, like the one you wear to school, but it was a something that had so much power as to do whatever the person who was supposed to wear it, should

earnestly wish to do. Now if you really wish there should be no poor person in the world, you will, whenever you have an opportunity, do all you can to prevent it, and if every one were to do the same there would be no poor people in the world. You and William have this afternoon been helping father prepare wood for the poor who want it, and in this way you will help to make them less poor; so have your sisters been at work with me to help cover the naked, and in this way we have begun to make the wishing-cap; and if everybody would take hold and do the same thing, a wishing-cap would be made, a pretty large one, to be sure, that should cover all heads and so do what all heads wished." "But every body won't take hold, mother, and so there will never be a wishing-cap except in the story." "We do not know, Harry, how this will be, it no doubt will be a great many years before such a thing is done, long after you and I are gone from this world, I fear, but that is no reason why we should not do what we can to help it on, at least begin one. There are a great many people who have begun this work, and they do it because they believe that such work is the work that God meant they should do.

While you all have such good wishes in your hearts he will help you, but you must not be discouraged because you do not see the cap; you know Fortunatus' cap was invisible, still it worked wonders. Tomorrow we will perhaps talk more of this; it is now time for tea, and as I wished you should have a good supper, I think we shall find one."

S. C. C.

ERNEST'S BIRTH-DAY.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a pleasant summer morning, and the sun was just peeping into Ernest's window, when he awoke. He jumped up instantly with the happy consciousness that it was his tenth birth-day. He washed and dressed as quickly as possible, and then went to his mother's room to receive a birth-day kiss. His mother gave him a book for a birth-day present, and also a letter from his father. The letter was a long and a kind one, and made him wish very much to be a good boy. His aunt, too, had remembered him, and he ran down stairs with great delight to show his presents to his two little brothers. There were a pretty pincushion, an account-book, and a little twelve inch rule which he could shut up neatly and carry in his pocket.

This was to be a holiday with him ; so, after breakfast, he took his new book, "The Crofton Boys," and sat down under a shady tree at the back of the house, to read. When tired of reading, he began a letter to his father, but soon after, his mother called him to talk over the plans for the pic-nic in the afternoon. He took his two little brothers, Herbert and Jamie, and went to invite his cousins to join them. Yes, Frank and Annie, and sweet little Alice too, must all be of the party. Georgie Woods and his sisters, Fanny and Emma, were also invited, and the afternoon was looked forward to with great pleasure by the whole group.

The day was delightful, neither too hot nor too cold, and immediately after dinner the preparations were commenced. Ernest had the pleasure of going with his mother and aunts into the woods to assist in making arrangements. He carried the large basket for them, and with his knife cut off some of the boughs that obstructed their way. They had found a lovely spot for the pic-nic; it was completely shaded by trees, with a clear space beneath the branches, sufficiently large to set their table. They had no real table, but used the ground itself, on which they spread a large shawl for a table-cloth, and then wove oak leaves together for plates and dishes.

All things being arranged, Ernest went with his mother to escort the young troop to the fairy bower. Jamie and Alice went in their basket wagons. Frank and George walked together as usual; while Fanny and Emma who were older than the rest, took each a hand of Annie and Herbert. Ernest went before and took down the bars; and when they came to the open field he showed the children a cunning little bird's nest he had discovered in the grass that morning. The children peeped carefully at the little eggs, but the poor bird seemed so frightened that they did not trouble her long, but went on their way to the wood. A few moments brought them to the chosen spot. And now there was a general shout of surprise and pleasure.

"The trees were interwoven wild,
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,
But not a happy child."

And happy indeed the children were, resting and cooling themselves under the sylvan canopy.

In a little while all were busily employed in making oak wreaths, with one of which each head was soon adorned. Jamie had one round his straw hat, and Alice's sweet face looked sweeter than ever, peeping out of her cape bonnet bordered with its green wreath. Presently aunt Susan took them a short distance and engaged them in various plays, while mamma and the other aunts prepared the refreshments. The verdant dishes were carefully arranged, containing cakes, berries and sugar-plums; and the merry troop were then marshalled in order and seated in a circle upon the ground. The elder ones helped the children, and a beautiful sight it was to see their happy faces, and a pleasant sound it was to hear their merry laugh that echoed through the wood. Ernest sat near the head, and was allowed to assist in helping the others. Berries and sugar-plums were in great demand. Annie's round face looked bright as usual, while Herbert sat with a half timid look, eating what was given him and asking for nothing else. The gentle face of little Alice, the baby of the party, filled all hearts with pleasure; and Jamie, the two-years old pet, was loaded with caresses, because, having hardly recovered from sickness, he so contentedly eat his dry cracker, without expecting to receive any of the sweets about him. They were presently joined by some older friends, and all enjoyed that rural party better than any ball-room scene that could be imagined.

After a few songs and some more frolicking, it was thought time for the little ones to go home. There were no lamps to put out, no rooms to sweep, no dishes to wash, after this party. The hall was lighted by the lamp of day, and swept by the winds of heaven; and

the green fruit baskets were left to be washed by the next passing shower. The procession moved quietly home, for the children were tired, and the grown people too. On reaching the Common, the basket wagons separated for their different homes. Ernest took Herbert's hand, while Jamie's head nodded once or twice as he rode along. Herbert was quite anxious that his wreath should not be lost, and when he got home his hat was hung up very carefully with its pretty trimming still upon it. The little boys were soon in bed and quietly asleep. After tea, Ernest's mother read to him a chapter in the "Crofton Boys," and then he was glad to go to bed too.

"What a happy birth-day this has been!" exclaimed he as he went up stairs; "we only wanted papa here to make it perfect."

Ernest could not sleep for some time after he went to bed. He lay thinking, first of the happy day he had spent, and then more serious thoughts of the new year he was beginning, and of the good resolutions he had formed, came crowding into his mind. He remembered, too, what his mother had said to him at breakfast, the day before; that he was about to part with an old friend, and she trusted he would treat the new friend that was coming, with more attention and kindness. At first, he had not perceived her meaning, but he soon saw that the old year was the parting friend, and the new year the coming one. His ideas soon became confused, and visions of baskets, trees, sugar-plums and books were strangely jumbled together. His last thought was of little Alice holding out her hands to come to him, and Jamie running away among the trees with Joanna in pursuit of him. In his dreams his fancy took a similar,

yet somewhat different range. He thought himself standing in the same spot in the woods where they had spent the afternoon; and there sitting under one of the trees was a sad, but very kind looking lady. Her expression seemed much like that of his mother when he had been very naughty. She held in her hand a book with silver clasps. He sat down beside her, and said,

"I wish you would read to me out of that book!"

She opened it and answered, "You may read it yourself, Ernest."

He looked, and found it a record of his last year's life, and upon many a page were accounts of disobedience, unkindness and selfishness.

"O, do shut it up!" said he, "and we will throw the book away."

"No, no," replied the lady, sorrowfully, "I must carry it just as it is, to our Father. He sent me to be the angel of the past year, and I feel very sad to carry home this book so blotted and defaced." Here the angel shed tears, and Ernest began to cry too.

"O, what can I do?" asked he, in a despairing tone.

"All you can do now," replied she, "is to treat my little sister better, the new angel, who is now coming with so bright a face."

Ernest looked round and saw a lovely child by his side. In her face were mingled the heavenly sweetness of little Alice, the gladsome brightness of merry Annie, with a touch of the timid tenderness of the gentle Herbert. She, too, held a book, but it seemed to be made of oak leaves, with bunches of flowers upon every page. She looked confidently at Ernest.

"I hope you will be kind to me," said she, "for I love

you very much, and I want to write beautiful things in my book."

Ernest was just going to reply, when he was suddenly awakened by his little bedfellow, Herbert, who was crying. "What is the matter, Bertie?"

"I want mamma," answered Herbert.

"Ernest soothed him kindly, and instead of speaking impatiently to him, as he had sometimes done, told him to lie down without disturbing mamma, and took hold of his hand. "Say one of your little hymns, Bertie; *that* will help you to go to sleep."

Herbert murmured softly,

"I know when I lie down to sleep,
That God is near my bed;
That angels watch by his command,
Around my infant head."

Ernest dreamed no more that night. What account will the angel of the new year carry home?

D. F. A.

JACK FROST.

BY H. STRED.

"O, ho! O ho!" quoth old Jack Frost,
As he sped on his wint'ry way;
And he laughed, delighted,
As he nipped and blighted
The things men deemed most gay.
He made the old oak and the poplar tall,
Bend low at his stormy blast,
And the last yellow leaves to quiver and fall
Before his might as he passed.

"O ho! O ho!" quoth old Jack Frost,
 As he looked at the farmer's fireside.
 And saw the huge log
 On the bright iron dog,
 And the flagon and tankard beside;
 And heard the gay jest, and the loud merry laugh,
 As they trilled forth their Christmas rhymes,
 How happy they grew as the liquor they quaff—
 Jack gave a huzza for old times!

"O, ho! O, ho!" quoth old Jack Frost,
 As a nobleman's house he passed through,
 And saw turkey and chine,
 And brandy and wine;
 "These, indeed, are rare times for you!"
 And the rich man dozed in his easy arm-chair,
 And his fire burned fiercely and bold;
 But he never thought one morsel to spare,
 For those that were hungry and cold.

"O, ho! O, ho!" sighed old Jack Frost,
 As he look'd in the poor man's hut;
 Dark, dirty, and drear,
 And no fire to cheer,
 Without window or door that would shut!
 And a half-clad mother her children cuddled,
 To give warmth to the nestling brood;
 And the little ones cried, as together they huddled,
 "Oh, mother, pray give us some food!"

"O, ho! O, ho!" sighed old Jack Frost,
 At a sight he loved not to see,
 For paupers he saw
 Condemned by the law,
 To feast upon skilligalee.
 And he heard the poor wretches refused even that,
 By the flint-hearted overseer.
 He believed not their tale, as cozy he sat,
 Their heart-rending cases to hear.

"O ho! O, ho!" doled forth Jack Frost,
 As he went far and wide through all parts;
 "I came here to see
 Mirth, comfort, and glee,
 Not to deaden and freeze up men's hearts.
 I'll leave the world to the bright sun's beam,
 Whose brilliance I laugh'd at before:
 And may the gay warmth of its genial gleam,
 Cause the Rich to remember the Poor!"

BRIGHTON, (England.)

THE DREAM OF MIRZAH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PFEFFEL.

"MIRZAH, the pious santon, lived alone in his cell, in Araby the blest. His soul was tormented with doubts which he was unable to solve. He found much in the Koran which appeared to him as no divine oracle from above, and much therein was so obscure that he was compelled to deem it a mystery rather than a revelation. The Prophet himself seemed to him a doubtful character upon many of the occasions of his life. 'Had I conducted like him,' thought he, 'the Koran itself would have condemned me as a sinner.'

Tortured by these doubts and weary even to faintness, he once after midnight fell asleep on his bed, which sleep for a long time had ceased to visit. In a dream he saw himself conveyed into the interior of the country, where, according to an ancient tradition, there had been in former times a temple of truth, which was thrown down by an earthquake. On the wings of fancy he reached in an instant the foot of the rock, upon the summit of which he expected still to discover some of the ruins of the desolated sanctuary. Upon each side of this venerable pyramid, projected a craggy precipice, from whose bosom dashed a turbid stream. One part flowed towards the East and was encumbered with idols and piles of books which obstructed its channel like a wall. The other rippled in winding mazes among broken tables of testi-

mony and overturned altars, the fragments of which it seemed to be constantly wearing away.

Mirzah for a long time gazed in wonder upon these two opposite spectacles. 'What a contrast!' said he, 'how can these mystic symbols be explained to me?' At the same time, a majestic old man drew nigh to him; benevolence and gravity were blended in his features; age had drawn no furrows across his brow or cheeks; his white hair bore no likeness to the withered leaves of autumn, but on the contrary, resembled the full blossom of the apple tree, and his long beard was like fresh spun silk; a violet colored robe covered his loins, which were encircled with a shining girdle. 'Hail to thee, Mirzah,' said the old man, 'I perceive thy wonder at what thou beholdest, and I am come to enlighten thy understanding.' Mirzah bowed himself to the ground and answered: — 'Hail to thee, also, venerable father, because thou art willing to be my instructor. Tell me, what am I to understand by the two streams which issue from the foundations of this mountain?'

'When the foundations of Truth, whose priest I was, were filled with ruins, these two streams issued forth from their depths. That towards the east, is called the river of Superstition, and that towards the west, the river of Unbelief. He who drinks of the one deems falsehood to be truth, and he who drinks of the other deems every thing — yea, even truth itself, — to be falsehood. Many fill their cups with a mixture from both streams, and are driven hither and thither by incessant doubts.'

'Ah, my lord,' interrupted Mirzah, 'this is my infirmity; how can I be delivered from it?' 'The domain of Truth,' continued the old man, 'lies in the centre,

between the two precipices ; her temple indeed is fallen, but her everlasting altar remains unshattered. Her fountain, it is true, is obstructed, but not dried up ; seek, and thou shalt find it.'

With these words the old man raised his finger towards the summit of the mountain. Mirzah lifted up his eyes to the holy spot, and when he turned his face to question the old man further, behold ! he had vanished away. Mirzah sighed ; the pinnacle appeared to him to be insurmountable, and yet he could no longer be contented in the valley. Suddenly he summoned courage, and with firm though slow steps, climbed up the rock. The higher he mounted, the easier the ascent became. With a holy awe he at length placed his foot upon the moss-grown ruins, and discovered in a corner a pale light, which glanced out of a dark grotto. Piles of fragments, overgrown with brambles, barred its entrance ; nothing, however, could longer deter him, a hidden energy strengthened his arms. At length he pressed his way in, and found a gray cubic altar upon which the everlasting lamp of Truth was burning. Aided by its light, he discovered at the foot of the altar the remains of the fountain, which still sent forth trickling threads among the volcanic stones. Mirzah desired to fill his cup from it, but he heard the voice of the old man calling to him, 'Content thyself with a few drops ; mortals can bear no more.'

With trembling joy the santon dipped his finger into the flowing crystal. Scarcely had he applied it to his tongue, when it seemed to him as if a film dropped from his eyes. The grotto appeared before him as a stately dome, illuminated by an invisible sun, and upon the front

part of the altar he read these words in characters of flame, 'God, Immortality, Virtue.' Mirzah fell upon his face; his senses at the same time departed in a swoon, and when he again opened his eyes he found himself upon his bed, irradiated by the morning sun. 'God, Immortality, Virtue,' cried he, while he lifted his hands towards heaven; 'holy words! henceforth ye shall be my Koran. He who proclaims these three eternal truths, is a prophet, and that among them which is the most human, is the most divine. Every book which contains these three truths is a heavenly revelation, because no son of earth can ever boast of having discovered them.

Now was Mirzah no longer tormented by doubts, and his last years were the most cheerful of his life. He read few more books, but he more strenuously practised the virtues. Once, his old friend Beder surprised him with a roll of parchment in his hand, which he had purchased of a foreign pilgrim. His eyes swam in tears, and his countenance beamed with gladness. 'Swear to me, brother,' so spake the santan to him, while he offered him his hand, 'swear to me that when I shall sink down in the sleep of death, thou wilt bury with me this roll unopened.'

Beder took the oath and kept his word; it was the Gospel of St. John." L. O.

"THERE's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own."

PICTURES.

THE SAINT AUGUSTINE OF MURILLO IN THE LOUVRE — TRANSLATED FROM THE COUNTESS VON HAHN HAHN.

"THERE is a legend that St. Augustine was walking one day on the sea-shore, and meditating on the mysteries of the Christian religion. He there saw a child busily taking up the sea water into a muscle-shell, and emptying it into a hole which he had dug in the sand. To the question of the saint, 'What was his purpose?' the child replied that he intended to pour the whole sea into this hole. Saint Augustine remarked that it was impossible. The child replied that it was more possible than to explain the mystery of the Trinity, upon which the saint was at that moment so deeply meditating. From the empyrean of sublimest thought, all glorified by that mystic light beaming on it from spheres scarcely accessible to the human spirit, and pervaded by deep unutterable presagings, the saint was brought back at once to the consciousness, that all knowledge is a scanty patch-work.

There is a mixture of spiritual elevation and brightness, united with humility and pensiveness, in the delicate countenance of wonderful beauty, and the mild eye of the saint, which rests downcast upon the child, over whose head he has raised his right hand, partly from surprise, partly in blessing. His whole figure is enveloped in the long, wide, black dress of his order. The bishop's mitre covers his head, and his left hand holds the

crozier. No human being was ever delineated more spiritually, without being in the least degree shadowy or unnatural. There is only so much of the body, as the soul requires for its manifestation. It is beautiful, pure and transparent as an alabaster lamp. The lovely child, in lilac-colored raiment, kneels half erect at the feet of the saint, looking at him with a bright, unrestrained gaze; unconscious of the deep truth to which he has just given utterance, and holding the shell fast in his right hand, that he may continue his sport the moment the saint shall withdraw. No picture pleased me more than this."

L. O.

THE LITTLE RED SHOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PINKIE.*

LUCY came to Mrs. Mason's door one morning, and asked her if she would allow her little girls, Ada and Emma, to come to her party the next afternoon.

"Is it to be a large party, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; my mother says I may invite thirty. We mean to have a grand time. Do let them come!"

"O, I think Emma is rather too little to go to large parties yet. She would be too much excited and fatigued.

* Pinkie was not written by Miss Abbot. By some accident it was credited to her. This mistake was in the September No., and was not corrected in our last as it should have been.

She is only five years old. Ada may go, if you will let her come home early."

"Yes, ma'am. But do let little Emma come too, Mrs. Mason. We will take good care of her, I promise you."

Mrs. Mason at last consented to let them both go. When the children came home from school they were very happy in talking of the next day's pleasure.

Next morning Mr. Mason took them out to buy them some new shoes. He was very fond of his little girls and liked to walk in the street with them. He listened, smiling, to hear them talk about the people and things they saw there. They went into a shoe store, and he told them they might each choose a pair of shoes for themselves.

The shopman looked round, and took down many papers, one after another, and unrolled them. The counter was spread with pretty little shoes of all sizes, shapes and colors. Mr. Mason said he thought black shoes were prettiest. The little girls wondered that he could like them better than the bright colored ones. Ada chose a pair of blue kid, and Emma a pair of bright red ones. They were so bright and shiny that it almost made their eyes ache to look at them. They were very eager to get home and show them to their mother. She said, when she saw them, that they were very pretty, but black would have been much more useful to them.

Mrs. Mason's little girls always looked very neat, but she did not dress them in a showy manner. They did not wear rich trimmings, flowers and laces. She did not like to see little children dressed like grown people. So they did not think so much about dress as some chil-

dren do, and were very happy in their neat frocks, white aprons, and simple cottage bonnets. She was rather sorry when she saw them so much pleased with their gay new shoes, and was afraid they might get a taste for finery. But she did not say much about it.

It was summer, but not very hot weather. The sun rose bright and shone into the little girls' chamber as they lay in bed next morning. Mrs. Mason awaked them and told them it was time to get up. They hopped out of bed and ran to the window, delighted to see such a fine day for their visit. Then they ran to the drawer where they had put their new shoes the evening before. They were admired again and again. They longed for the hour to come when they should put them on.

Mrs. Mason told them that little girls were not loved any better for bright shoes and gay dresses. She asked them if they thought the little kid that wore that skin before them, was proud of it. They laughed and said it was not red or blue when the little kid wore it. They tried after this not to think too much about their new shoes.

At three o'clock the children went away. They wore plain white dresses. Their mother noticed that they threw a little glance now and then down upon their feet, but blushed when they were caught doing it. She said nothing.

They found when they got to Lucy's, that most of the little folks had come. They were sitting round a large room in rather a prim style, waiting to be amused. Ada and Emma sat down among them. There was a great stillness over the whole party. Now and then a little whisper might be heard. Lucy was the only one who

spoke aloud. She could not make them talk, and felt almost discouraged.

Ada, you know, was a gay child. She became rather tired of all this sober quiet. She pitied Lucy, too, for trying so hard to amuse her diffident guests. Presently she gave a great jump into the middle of the floor, and whirled round two or three times.

"Why do you all sit moping there," said she, "when Lucy wishes you to have a good time? Come, what shall we play?"

The ice was broken. The whole party were on foot in a moment, and there was such a skipping about and chattering and laughing! It seemed like a party of blackbirds, as I have heard them sometimes just before night, when they met in a great tree to have a nice talk together.

They played a great many little plays. At last they formed themselves into a dance. One of the older girls played on the piano for them. This was delightful, and lasted till tea-time.

When they were called out, they found Lucy's mother at the head of a very long table, which was covered with all sorts of nice things. There were vases of flowers placed on the table, and a large cake in the middle had a wreath hung over it which looked very pretty.

After tea Lucy invited them to take a run down upon the bridge. She said they could have a nice frolic there running about. Then there was a great scrabble for little bonnets and capes, and off they went by two and two down the sidewalk. It was a very pretty sight, so many little girls together. There was a great chattering as they walked along, and people ran to their windows

when they heard them, to see what was coming. When they got down upon the bridge, they ran about, and chased each other like butterflies. Little Emma ran with the rest. She was the smallest in the whole party, but the others all loved her. They kept taking hold of her hand and hopping her about, and kissing her. She was very happy. Ada, in some of her capers, trod upon some bait which had been left on the bridge. It made an ugly spot on the side of her blue slipper, but she was too full of fun to notice it much.

The toll-man came out and looked on to see the fun. He was a kind man, and very fond of children. It was a pleasant thing to him as he sat alone in the toll-house, to see this little merry party coming. The bridge was rather old and wanted mending in some places. He told them to be careful, and not go near the holes in the planks. They were very careful, but they liked to go and peep down into the largest hole. Little Emma came with the rest. She looked down, and felt frightened at seeing the dark, deep water underneath. She started back and put her foot into a little hole which she had not seen. She drew it up again very quickly, but, O dear, there was the little foot with its white stocking, but no shoe on it. The little red shoe had fallen off into the water. Emma cried bitterly. The girls tried to comfort her. Some of them looked down to see what had become of the shoe. It was dashing about among the piers of the bridge. At last it got free, and sailed along where they could not see it. They all ran to the side of the bridge and looked over. The little shoe came sailing along on the top of the water from under the bridge. It looked like a tiny red boat. The toll-man came and

looked over among the rest. Little Emma cried again when she saw her little shoe going off farther and farther from her.

The good-natured toll-man told her not to cry, but to look and see what he was going to do. He went down some steps behind the toll-house and untied a little boat which was lashed up against one of the piers. He got into it and took an oar in his hand. Then he looked up and smiled at the bright little faces which looked down at him from the rail of the bridge. Little Emma stood on a pile of planks, so that she could look over with the rest.

The man paddled along very fast till he came near the shoe. Then he went more slowly and carefully, for fear he should sink it by moving the water too much. There were many shouts from young voices on the bridge.

"There! he has got close to it! He stops rowing — the boat turns round a little — he reaches out his hand. Ha, ha, ha! he has got it! he has got it! Here he comes back again. Good man! How kind you are."

Emma looked on very silently, but her cheeks were very red, and her little hands clasped the top of the rail very firmly. The man tied his boat up again and came up the steps to the children. The shoe was in his hand. It was very wet and not fit to put on. Poor Emma could hardly keep from crying again; but she thanked the man for taking so much pains to get it for her.

But how could she walk home through the street in her little white stocking, with no shoe on her foot? There was a great talk among the little ladies about it.

At last they agreed to take turns in carrying her. But no one of them was strong enough to do it alone. She was a plump little thing, and pretty heavy. They could not carry her more than ten steps, before they had to put her down again. Then they tried another plan. Two of the girls who were of the same height, made a seat by crossing their arms. Emma was placed on it, with an arm round the neck of each, and had a charming ride. It was very good fun; all her tears went away, and she got into a good frolic as she went along.

All wished to take their turns in carrying little Emma. They came very near quarrelling about it. She changed her seat many times during their walk. At last they got home to Lucy's house, and Emma was brought in and placed in the lap of one of the girls. Again they came near quarrelling about holding her; all wished to have her in their lap, though she could just as well sit on the sofa. She became rather tired of having them contend over her, and was glad when it came time for her to go home.

The shoe had been placed at the kitchen fire, and was dry and stiff. But they put it on, and Emma walked home with it.

The next morning, she started up and looked at her shoes as they lay by her bed-side. One was of a bright and beautiful color. The other was dark and sober crimson. The color had been changed by the sea-water.

Mr. Mason laughed when he saw them on his little girl's feet when she came down to breakfast. I believe he called her little "Goody Two-Shoes," or some such funny name. But Emma did not feel much like laugh-

ng. Her lip trembled and the tears came into her eyes. She said, a little pettishly, "My shoes are good for nothing now. I mean to go and throw them into the fire."

Mr. Mason took her into his lap and kissed her, and said, "My little Emma must put on her cheerful smiles again. I do not like to see a cloud on this little face. I am sorry for you, but it is no great matter, after all."

Emma looked up, and smiled through her tears.

"We will not throw them into the fire, papa, that would be wasting them."

"No," said Mr. Mason, "I will go down to the beach and dip this bright one in the water. They will then be alike, and will do very well to wear to school. You shall have a nice new pair of black ones to take their place."

Emma was very much pleased, and never regretted that the new pair were black.

Ada's shoes did not look much better. There was a greasy mark on the side of one, and the other had been spattered with the sea-water.

The little girls then thought that their parents knew best what was proper for them to wear. They did not wish for showy things after this, but were always contented when dressed in a neat and simple manner.

E****

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

A most moving incident, in illustration of the extraordinary strength as well as attachment of the Arab horses, is given by Lamartine in his beautiful *Travels in the East* :

“ An Arab chief, with his tribe, had attacked, in the night, a caravan of Dama's, and plundered it ; when loaded with their spoil, however, the robbers were overtaken on their return by some horsemen of the Pacha of Acre, who killed several, and bound the remainder with cords. In this state of bondage they brought one of the prisoners, named Abou el Marck, to Acre, and laid him, bound hand and foot, wounded as he was, at the entrance to their tent. As they slept during the night, the Arab, kept awake by the pain of his wounds, heard his horse's neigh at a distance, and being desirous to stroke, for the last time, the companion of his life, he dragged himself, bound as he was, to the horse, which was picketed at a little distance. — ‘ Poor friend,’ said he, ‘ what will you do among the Turks ? You will be shut up under the roof of a kahn, with the horses of a pacha or an aga ; no longer will the women and children of the tent bring you barley, camel's milk, or DOURRA, in the hollow of their hand ; no longer will you gallop free as the wind of Egypt in the desert ; no longer will you cleave with your bosom the water of the Jordan, which cools your sides, as pure as the foam of your lips. If I am to be a slave at least may you go free. Go — return to our tent

which you know so well ; tell my wife that Abou el Marck will return no more : but put your head still into the folds of the tent, lick the hands of my beloved children.' With these words, as his hands were tied, he untied with his teeth the fetters which held the courser bound, and set him at liberty ; but the noble animal, on recovering its freedom, instead of bounding away to the desert, bent its head over its master, and, seeing him in fetters on the ground, took his clothes gently in his teeth, lifted him up and set off at full speed towards home. Without ever resting, he made straight for the distant but well-known tent in the mountains of Arabia.

He arrived in safety, and laid his master down at the feet of his wife and children, and immediately dropped down dead with fatigue. The whole tribe mourned him, the poets celebrated his fidelity, and his name is still constantly in the mouths of the Arabs of Jericho."—*Lamartine, Voyage dans L' Orient.*

This beautiful anecdote paints the manners and the horses of Arabia better than a thousand volumes. It is unnecessary to say, after it, that the Arabs are, and ever will be the finest horsemen, and have the finest race of horses in the world.

A GERMAN TALE.

TRANSLATED BY J. E. C.

OVER the Kluss Pass and away from the Schachenthal across the Scheideck stretches the territory of Uri, down into Glarus. The people of Uri once contended with the

people of Glarus about the boundary, and insults and injuries passed between them every day. At last it was agreed that at the equinox, a brisk climber, well acquainted with the way, should be dispatched from each side, so soon as the cock crowed in the morning, and should travel towards the other's territory; and that where they met, the boundary line should be established, on whichever side it might fall. The men were chosen, and the point now was to get a cock that should crow at the right time, and announce the morning the earliest. The Uri people took a cock, put him into a coop, and gave him very little to eat and to drink, because they thought hunger and thirst would soonest awake him. But they of Glarus fed and fattened their cock, so that he might joyfully and proudly greet the dawn, and thought in this way to do best.

When the autumn came and the appointed day arrived, behold the hungry cock at Altdorf crowed first, when it had scarcely begun to grow light, and the Uri mountaineer started off with joy for the frontier. But over in the Linthal the day broke and the stars faded, but the fat cock still slept quietly.

The whole community stood round him in sorrow, but their word was given, and no one dared to wake him. At last he clapped his wings and crowed. But it will be hard for the Glarus man to make up for the lost time! Anxiously he sprang up and looked towards the Scheideck; but alas! there he saw his adversary on the top of the ridge, and already beginning to descend. But he pushed on briskly, to save to his country as much land as possible. Soon they came together, and the man from Uri cried out: "Here is the boundary!"

"Neighbor," said he of Glarus, sorrowfully, "be just, and give me a piece of the pasture-land that thou hast won!" The other would not consent, but he left him no peace, till at last he took compassion, and said, "So much will I give thee, as thou wilt carry me over on thy back." The honest shepherd of Glarus took him up, and climbed some distance up the rocks with him. Many a step he won back; but at last his breath failed and he sunk dead on the ground. And to this day they show the boundary brook to which the sinking shepherd bore his victorious rival.

In Uri there was great rejoicing for the victory; but they of Glarus gave to their shepherd also the honor he had so well deserved, and kept in constant memory his great fidelity.

TWO GIRLS.

SOME years ago, when exotics, so common now, were rare, Benedicta Penn, whose father had the only conservatory in town, promised a passion-flower one day to Lucretia Pinelli, her schoolmate. Lucretia had never seen a passion-flower, but her imagination was very much alive about its famed Gothic style of beauty, its singularity, and its fancied emblematic character. Benedicta having mentioned the beautiful vine, Lucretia said, "I should so like to see the flower!" The good natured Benedicta offered to bring her one, next morning. When the morning came, Lucretia departed for school in great

spirits, telling her mother how good Benedicta was, and what a prize she expected to bring home. When Benedicta, earnestly watched for by Lucretia, was first discovered, there was no flower in her hand — perhaps it was in her wallet — somewhere out of sight — had been deposited in her desk. The impetuous Lucretia ran up with a despairing presentiment — “Where is my flower?” Benedicta was forced to say, she had forgotten it, I am sorry to relate how Lucretia took this disappointment. She seized upon a folded paper, lying on Benedicta’s desk, and — tore it in two. Her delicate hands looked homely in the act. Hands can do such tender and noble things, they *ought* to be held sacred. “Shame! shame!” was called out on all sides. “You have torn Benedicta’s composition.” I hope Lucretia did not know it was so important a paper, but perhaps she conjectured it. Passion is a tyrannical and indiscriminating master. The teacher came into the school now, and called for the composition. All produced their pieces but Benedicta. This young lady was so exact a scholar, the teacher was very much surprised at the omission, and said, “You know the rule. Composition that is not ready at the time appointed can receive no marks.” This is the way things go in the world; what is unseasonable fails of external success. Benedicta kept silence, but in the afternoon, doing her duty without expectation of reward, she copied the misused paper, and next day, carried it to the teacher. That morning she brought to school two passion-flowers, and laid them on Lucretia’s desk, saying, “I am sorry I did not keep my word yesterday.” Lucretia could not thank her, could not remove her eyes from the rich flowers, could not put them in

water, could not touch them; there they lay, withering and casting a spell upon the repentant offender. As the weary hours at last brought the time to go home, though she could hardly bear to put out her hand to take up the flowers, now become awful monitors, yet she compelled herself to do so. Her spirits were gone, and so were they still the next morning. At recess she stole a glance at Benedicta, as she sat in her seat at a distance. Benedicta was eating a singularly pretty red and yellow apple, one of two, that some unknown friend had left in her desk. Benedicta was at peace; Lucretia was perturbed. Things good and beautiful disquieted her, sunbeams, moonlight, soft clouds, a rose, birds' music, a rainbow, tranquil voices, baby Julia's serene innocence, mother's kindness, texts, read by mother and teacher, above all, the marks of honor attached to her own composition. Then the ugly words, "meanness, revenge," were continually harassing her, in the school lessons.

Now the teacher announced that the school committee would visit the school in a few days. On this occasion, among other things that would come under examination, were the records of success in composition. At once arose with new distinctness before Lucretia's imagination the fatal blank of which she had been the cause in Benedicta's bill. She felt as if all the Andes one on the top of another, were piled upon her heart. Arrived at home, her mother discerned her perturbation, and with some pains drew from her the cause of her trouble. "You know what you have to do, child," said she, in a grave tone. "Oh, I know! I know!" exclaimed Lucretia, "I am going to do it." The sad mother was relieved; she let her hand fall gently on her daughter's

head, and said, "Govern yourself, dear, and speak so as to be understood." The next morning, so soon as there was an opportunity, Lucretia rose in her seat to do justice, but all words deserted her. The teacher of the school, seeing her rise, had turned to listen, but perceiving her much disturbed, said kindly, "What were you going to say, Miss Pinelli?" At last, burst out, "I tore Benedicta Penn's composition" — sobs hindered any farther utterance. The puzzled teacher turned to the next neighbor, for an explanation. It crept out with girlish sensibility and gentleness. He rose from his seat, hastened to Benedicta's desk, asked for her composition, bestowed the prized marks, which happened to be the highest, shook hands with the dear pupil — passed over to Lucretia, took her hand as that of another dear pupil, and said, "All right now." When Lucretia went home, her mother saw her eyes were dim, but her face bore the peaceful expression, that had been missing lately, day after day. Lucretia received no praise, but she saw her mother's gratified look, as this mother said to herself silently, "I, too, have a magnanimous child."

Many months passed away before Benedicta discovered in Lucretia's father's garden a tree bearing the Lady Apples, then rare, she had found more than once in her desk. The two girls grown up to matrons were best friends. It was observable that prominent points, in the circles where they held chief influence, were, in the one, fidelity to a promise, in the other, making reparation for an injury. ****.